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A throng of sufferers with coughs and colds, annually go South to enjoy the ethereal mildness of the land of flowers. To them we would say the necessity of that expensive trip is obviated by Cousen's Compound Honey of Tax, which speedily vanquishes the coughs and colds incident to this rigorous climate. For public speakers it surpasses the Demosinetic regimen of "pebbles and sea shore;" clearing the throat until the voice rings with the silvery cadence of a bell. Use Cousen's Compound Honey of Tax. Price 50 cents a bottle. For sale by Dr. J. M. FISHER, Cloverport, Ky., and Dr. J. M. TAYLOR, Hardinsburg, Ky.

JAMES E. STONE, J., LAWYER.

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Just published in a Sealed Envelope. Price 10 cents. A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment, and Radical Cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhea, Induced by Self-Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy, and other Mental and Physical Incurables. By ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M.D., author of the "Green Book," &c. The world-renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without medicine, and without dangerous surgical operations, leeches, blistering, or any of the costly and dangerous modes of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically. This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands. Sent, under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, on receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps. Address the Publishers, THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO., 41 Ann St., New York; may15-1y Post Office Box 4586.

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It is a well established fact, that Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment will cure, if used according to directions. The Aesculus Hippocastanum, or Horse Chestnut, commonly known as the Buckeye, has been highly esteemed for many years, owing to the fact, that it possesses virtues, lying in the bitter principle called Aesculin, which can be utilized for the cure of Piles. If affected with that terrible disease, use Buckeye Pile Ointment, and be relieved. Price, 30 cts. For sale by A. R. FISHER, Cloverport, Ky. sept4-ly

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VOL. III. CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1878. NO. 19.

THE FORECLOSURE OF THE MORTGAGE.

Walk right into the settin'-room, Deacon; it's all in a muddle, you see, but I hadn't no heart to right it, so I've just let everything be. Besides, I'm a goin' to-morrow—I've got to start with the dawn—and the house won't seem so home-like if it's all upset and forlorn. I sent off the children this mornin'; they both on 'em begged to stay, but I thought 'twould be easier, maybe, if I was alone to-day. For this is the very day, Deacon, just twenty years ago, that Caleb and me moved in—so I couldn't forget it, you know. We was so busy and happy!—we'd been married a month before—and Caleb and me had the table, and I'd brush up the kitchen floor. He said I was tired, and he'd help me; but I said that was his way—Always handy and helpful, and kind to the very last day. Don't you remember, Deacon, that winter I broke my arm? Why, Caleb skulked left me, not even to tend to the farm. There night and mornin' I saw him, a settin' so close to my bed, and I knew him in spite of the fever that made me so wild in the head. He never did nothin' to grieve me, until he left me behind—Yes, I know, there's no use in talkin', but somehow it eases my mind. And he set such store by you, Deacon, I needn't tell you now. Unless he had your judgment, he never would buy a cow. Well, our cows is gone, and the horse too—Poor Caleb was fond of Jack, and I cried like a fool this mornin', when I looked at the empty rack. I hope he'll be kindly treated: 'Twould worry poor Caleb so, if them Joneses should whip the creature—but I s'pose he ain't like to know. I've been thinkin' it over lately. That when Mary sickened and died, his father's spirit was broken, and for she was allus his pride. He wasn't never so cheery; he'd smile, but the smile wasn't bright, and he didn't care for the cattle, though once they'd been his delight. The neighbors all said he was ailing, and they tried to hint it to me; they talked of a church-yard cough, but, oh! the blind are those who soon'st see. I never believed he was goin'! Till I saw him a-lyin' here dead; there, there! don't be anxious, Deacon; I haven't no tears to shed. I've tried to keep things together; I've been a-lyin' early and late; but I couldn't pay the mortgage, nor git the farm work straight. So of course I've gone behindhand, and if the farm should sell, for enough to pay the mortgage, I s'pose 'twill be 'lost' well. I've prayed agin' all hard feelin's, and to walk as a Christian ought, but it's hard to see Caleb's children turned out of the place he bought; And readin' that text in the Bible 'Bout widows and orphans, you know, I can't think the folks will prosper who are willin' to see us go. But there! I'm a keepin' you, Deacon, and it's high time for tea. 'Wot I come to!' No, thank you, I feel better now, you see. Besides, I couldn't eat nothin'; whenever I've tried it to-day, there's somethin' here that chokes me, I'm nervous, I s'pose you'll say. 'I've worked too hard?' No, I haven't; why it's work that keeps me strong; if I don't here thinkin', I'm certain my heart would break before long. Not that I care about livin', I'd rather be laid away. To the place I've marked beside Caleb, to rest till the judgment day. But there's that child to think of—That makes my dooly clear, and I'll try to follow it, Deacon. Though I'm tired of this earthly spear. Good-by, then, I shan't forget you, nor all the kindness you've showed; 'Will help to cheer me to-morrow, as I go my lonely road. For—what are you sayin', Deacon? I needn't—I needn't go? You've bought the mortgage, and I can stay? Stop! say it over slow; Stop! wait now; just wait a minute; I'll take it in bimby. That I can stay, why, Deacon, I don't know what makes me say! I haven't no words to thank you; if Caleb was only here, he'd say a word for speakin', he'd make my feelin's clear. There's a picture in our old Bible of a man and a woman, and though he hasn't no great coat and no spectacles on his eyes, he looks just like you, Deacon, with your smile so good and true, and whenever I see that picture, it will make me think of you. The children will be so happy! Why, Deby will most go wild; she fretted so much at leavin' her garden behind, poor child! And law! I'm as glad as Deby, if only for just one thing; now I can tend the potter's wheel. I planted three last spring. On Caleb's graves he loved the flowers, and it seems as if he'll know they're a bloomin' all around him. While he's a sleepin' there below. (Mrs. E. T. Consett, in Harper's Magazine for September.)

DR. TALMAGE'S FIFTH SERMON.

Brooklyn, Nov. 10, 1878.—The Brooklyn Tabernacle was thronged with thousands this morning to hear the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage's fifth sermon of his series on the "Night Side of City Life," as explored by him in company with high officials. Subject: "Under the Police Lantern." The audience included many prominent persons from all sections, among the number numerous ministers and Governmental officers of Ohio. The audience was deeply stirred, and displayed the greatest interest throughout the services. Mr. Talmage will continue his series of sermons next Sunday.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON. TEXT—The destruction of the poor is their poverty.—Proverbs x.15.

On an island nine miles long by two and a half wide stands the largest city of the United States, mightiest for virtue and for sin. Before we get through we shall see its midnight of magnificent progress and philanthropy as well as its midnight of sin, and crime, and woe. Twice every twenty-four hours our City Hall and old Trinity strike twelve, one while business and art are in full blast, and the other while industry is doing its utmost. Both stories must be told. It is pleasant to put on a plaster than to thrust in a probe, but it is absurd to propose remedies until we take the complete diagnosis of municipal disease. The patient may cringe and squirm and fight back and resist, but the surgeon must go on. Before I get through this course of sermons I will make all the people smile with approval at the beautiful things I shall say about the beneficence and grandeur of these cities clustering about the mouth of the Hudson and East rivers; but now my work is excavation and exposure. I can't put on the balm till I rip off the bandage. It affords me as much amusement as any man of my profession can with propriety indulge in, at any one time, to see many of the clerical reformers of our day bravely mounting their war-chargers, playing in the spurs and dashing down with glittering lance to plunge it into the iniquities of the ancient cities that have been dead three or four thousand years. They get an old siner of eighteen centuries ago in a corner and scalp him and hang him and cry out, "See what I have done!" With utmost fervor, they fling sulphur at Sodom and fire at Gomorrah and worms at King Herod, and pitch Jezabel off the wall, but put on their best gloves and wipe their gold spectacles to read from a sermon, inclosed in morocco cover, any remarks about the sins of our own times, considering the subject so delicate that it is a shame even to speak of it. The hypocrites! The simple facts they are afraid of the liberties in their board of trustees, or their deacons who drink too much, or their sessionaries who grind the face of the poor. I say, "Clear out our churches of all audience from pulpit to storm-door with no one left but the sexton, and he only waiting because it is his business to look up, rather than to have our pulpits shivering before the pew." It is the living Herod and the living Jezabel of this day who need to be arraigned. That is one reason why I like a big church. If a dozen men get mad at the truth and go out we don't find it until the year after they are gone. It is the city on the top of the ground that needs to be reformed and not the Herodianism buried in volcanic ashes, or Cities of the Plain sixty feet down under the Dead Sea.

This morning I turn over a new leaf in my midnight exploration. In company with city missionaries and the police of Brooklyn and New York I have seen other things than those mentioned in my previous discourses on the Night Side of City Life. The night is darker than any I have mentioned. There are no glittering chandeliers or blazing mirrors or diamonds to adorn it. It is the long, deep, bitter night of city pauperism. "We will want no carriage for to-night," say my police attendants. "A carriage would be a hindrance where we are going. A carriage rolling up to the place of our exploration would excite wonder, and the people would flock about asking what was the matter." So at 8 o'clock we started on foot and walked THROUGH THE LANDS OF POVERTY AND CRIME.

Everything was reciting to eye and ear, and nostril—unwashed, uncombed the population, unventilated the rooms. Three midnighters overlapping the darkness of each other—midnight in the natural world, midnight of crime, midnight of pauperism! Stairs oozing with filth, inhabitants vermin-covered. They had gone nine-tenths of the way toward their final doom. They started in unhappy homes of city or country. They entered iniquity far up town in the shambles of death within ten minutes' walk of the Fifth Avenue Hotel and came gradually on down to the Fourth Ward. When they move out from here they will go to Bellevue Hospital, thence to Blackwell's Island, thence to the potter's field, and then thence to hell. Bellevue Hospital and Blackwell's Island receive in one year 18,000 patients; we don't know how many yearly go to the potter's field. As we went on, the rain flashed and dropped about the doorways, adding more gloom to the night. Let the police go ahead and flash his lantern upon the scene. Fourteen people asleep in one room, or trying to get asleep, some on a few handfulls of straw, but none on the bare floor, neither

NIGHT SIDE OF CITY LIFE UNDER THE POLICE LANTERN.

[From the Courier-Journal.]

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blanket nor pillow. You say this is exceptional. It is not. Thousands sleep night by night with no better comfort. One hundred and seventy thousand families live in the greater or lesser squalor of tenement houses. There are a half million people in New York dying by inches in tenement houses. Out of the 26,000 people who die in New York in a year, 14,000 die in tenement houses. No lungs that God ever made can for a great while endure such an atmosphere. In the Fourth ward there are 17,000 people crowded within the space of thirty acres. Why does not New York, like Liverpool, clear out these cellars for moral pestilence, but saved many of those who would have been victims. No reformation of our cities until this terrible tenement-house system is broken up. The city authorities must buy farms, where these people can be by force of law be placed and made to work. By strong arm and police lantern, united with Christian beneficence.

THESE THOUGHTS MUST BE EXPOSED. And then uprooted. These mendicants must be made the means of city wealth instead of city prostration. The places in London historical for crowded tenement houses, St. Giles, Whitechapel and St. James, West London, and Holborn and Strand have their matches at last in the Fourth and Sixth and Eleventh and Fourteenth and Seventeenth wards of New York. No prostration or reformation for the city until something like the privacy and seclusion of the home-circle be given to every family. As long as they herd together like beasts they will be beasts.

Hark! what is that? A loud thud on the pavement. A drunkard has slipped and fallen with his head against the step and the police are trying to lift him. Ring for the city ambulance. Oh, no; he is only an outcast; only a heap of rags and sores. But better look again. Perhaps you may find that he has in his face some traces of respectability and intelligence. Perhaps he may have been made in the image of God. Perhaps he has a soul that shall live after the dripping heavens of this dismal night shall have been rolled together as a scroll. Perhaps he may have been died for by a King. Perhaps he might become a conqueror charioted in the splendor of a heavenly welcome. But we can't stop. On the opposite side, the rain's beating straight in his face, is another man in entire unconsciousness. I wonder if any home is waiting for him? I wonder if any gashed and bloated cheek was ever kissed by maternal tenderness? I wonder how it came to be so battered and bruised? Is he stranded for eternity? On we passed, amid the blasphemies that filled the air, until suddenly we heard a loud Christian song rolling out through the storm. We halted to a window and looked in—a large room full of all kinds of people, some of them weeping, some singing, some standing, some kneeling, some shaking hands, to give encouragement, some

WRINGING THEIR HANDS IN GRIEF. As though mourning a wasted life. What was it? Jerry McAuley's glorious Christian mission. Snatched himself from the edges of death, there he stands in the strength of God, snatching others from ruin. That was a scene worth all the fatigues and nausea of the midnight exploration. Our tears fell with the rain, tears of sympathy for a good man's work, tears of gratitude to God that there was at least one life-boat launched on that wild sea of sin and crime, tears of hope that there might be a while enough life-boats to take off all the wrecked, and that the churches, forgetting their ancient formalisms, might lay hold with both hands to do this work which must be done if our cities are not to perish in a deluge of blood and fire.

This cluster of cities has more to contend with than any cities on the continent. In twenty-eight years 5,000,000 of foreign population have landed at our port. Those who had capital and means for the most part moved on to the great opening of the West. Some of those who stopped here have become the most squalid of the race, nearly all the villainous population remained within our borders, ready to be manipulated by our demagogues and for the hatching-out of all criminal desperadoes. The native vagrancy and beggary of New York have been augmented by the thirvery and impurity of the worst populations of London and Paris and Edinburgh and Belfast and Dublin and Cork. We would have had enough vagrancy and thirvery in our American cities, without this importation dumped at Castle Garden. How much pauperism we saw by the flash of the police lantern! How much woe we did not see! How much more no eye but God's will ever take in! There it is cradled in the cell of the police station. They come shivering in, tip their torn but and say, "A night's lodging, sir," and are turned into the dreadful dormitories. You can hardly staid the noxious air long enough to look; how can they endure it all night and every night. Think of it, 140,000 lodgers of this sort every year in the station-houses! And what paths in the thought that whole families turned out of doors because they can't pay their rent, must tumble in here for shelter, the respectable and the reprobate; they who have struggled for decency and good name, flung helpless into the homeless poor-house innocent childhood and vicious old age.

GOD'S POOR AND SATAN'S DEPENDABLES. No report of Charity Commissioner or Police Commissioner, or Almshouse can half tell the story of New York and Brooklyn pauperism. It will take a larger book, a book with more ponderous folds, a book made up of other paper than that of human manufactory, the book of God's remem-

brance. At my basement door we have an average of one hundred calls a day seeking alms. In my reception-room every day I have applications for help that, an old-style wiken parse gathered by a ring in the middle, and with Vanderbilt's wealth on the other, could not satisfy. I refer to these men's wealth while living, for they have not as much money as we have now that they have their shrouds on. The statistics of city pauperism need to be written in ink, black and red and blue, for the stripes, black for the infamy, and red for the blood. About 17,000 poor helped by the bureau for the relief of the out-door sick. About 17,000 helped by the city hospitals. About 60,000 by private charity. About 70,000 taken care of in reformatory institutions and prisons. Out of a population of 1,000,000 people of New York, 300,000 people are helped by charity, private or municipal. Hear it, ye Christian churches, and pour forth your beneficence. Hear it, ye ministers of Christ, and utter words of sympathy for the suffering and thunders of indignation against the sources of wretchedness. Hear it, ye mayors and aldermen and Boards, and judicial benches and constabularies. Depend upon it, if we do not heed, and neither the courts nor the churches wake up to their duty, God will scourge us as the yellow fever never scourged New Orleans, as the plague never smote London, as the earthquake never shook Caracas, as the fire never whelmed Sodom. Reformation or annihilation. I would to God that I might throw

A BOMB-SHIELD OF ARMOUR into every city hall, meeting-house and cathedral on this continent. The factories at Fall River and Lowell have sometimes stopped for lack of demand or lack of workmen, but the great million-roomed factory of sin goes on by day and night, year after year, without slackening a band or arresting a spindle. Its great wheel is turned by a flood not like that of the Merimac or the Connecticut, but by a crimson flood poured forth from the groggeries and the drinking saloons and the wine-cellars of the land, and the faster these floods roll the faster the wheel turns; and the hand of the wheel is woven out of broken heart-strings, and at every turn thereof there pours out of the mouth of the iron mill crushed fortunes, desolated homes, squalor and mendicancy and crime—domestic and municipal—and national woe; and the creaking and the rumbling of the wheels are the shrieks and groans of men and women lost for two worlds, and the cry is "bring on more repetitions, more homes, more fortunes, more cities for the criss of this stupendous mill!"

"But," you say, "these mills of death will after awhile cease from lack of material." Not so. See by the police-lantern into the future! In this cluster of cities, 15,000 barefooted, homeless children of the streets. They are the reserve corps of those that are to come up and take the ranks of those who drop into the Morgue, the potter's field and the East river. Some one has estimated that if these children were placed in double file, three feet apart, they would make

A PROCESSION EIGHT MILES LONG. But what a pale, coughing, hanger-bitten, sin-cursed, ophthalmic through-the-tigers and scorpions and adders that are waiting to bite and sting and destroy society, which they take to be their natural enemy. Howard Mission is saving many; Children's Aid Society, many; Newboys' lodging-houses, many; industrial schools, many. One society has transplanted from the filthy pavement of our cities to Western farms 30,000 of these children by matchless stratagem of charity, changing that multitude from vagrancy into industrious and useful citizenship. Out of 21,000 thus transported only twelve children turned out badly. But still the battalions of juvenile vagrancy marches on.

One regiment is made up of boot-blacks. They seem jolly, but they have known sorrows greater than many an old man. Amid the vilest of temptations and kicked and cuffed up garrets and down cellars, they make their two or three dollars a week, and by fifteen years of natural life are sixty years old in sin. Pitching pennies in their leisure and smoking the stumps of cigars thrown into the ditch, they are the prey of gamblers, and destroyed by the top gallery of the low play-house. Blacking shoes is their business, the interregnum of their work is swallowed up with the blackening of their morals. "Shine your boots, sir!" they sing out with affected gravity of voice, but there is a sad tremor in their accentuation. No one cares for them. You thoughtlessly put up your foot on their stand and whistle or smoke, while God knows, it would not have hurt you to have said a kind word of counsel or of good cheer. Who has prayed for a boot-black? Who, finding one wronged out of his ten cents, has demanded for him justice? Who, finding the wind blowing up under his short jacket, and reddening his bare neck, has invited him into warmth? God have mercy on the regiment of boot-blacks.

Another regiment of this great battalion of suffering is made up of the newboys, the sharpest, wisest, wittiest lads of the town. Up at four o'clock in the morning, by unnatural vigilance waking at half-past three themselves, or roughly pulled out at that hour, the cold, damp sheets of the folding-rooms hang over their arm and against their chest, already shivering, and around the bleak forries and on the slippery pavements of the winter, singing as merrily as though they were chanting a Christmas carol. "San, Herald Tribune and Times," or in the bleak evening filling the air with the cry of "Eagle, Argus, Evening Express, Post, Commercial," and making only half a cent on each sale!

WORKING FORTY-FOUR HOURS FOR FIFTY CENTS. In one year about 8,000 of these boys ap-

plied for help at the Newboys' lodging-house on Park Place, and about 1,000 of them laid up in the savings bank about \$3,000. But for the great multitude there remains hunger and cold and nakedness and early graves or quick prisons. There is nothing on the street that so moves me as when on a wintry morning I see a new-boy with papers he can't sell, alone, four clothed, crying with the cold, his face or hands bleeding from a fall, or rubbing a knee that has been hit on the side of the car, selling newspapers that tell of railroad accidents and boiler explosions and the foundering of ships in the last storm, while he says nothing about that which was to himself greater than all other misfortunes and disasters—the fact that he was ever born at all. By the red eye of the police lantern see them coiled up in the deep shelter of the night, for a few hours forgetful of want and pain and storm and darkness. But one of them struggling in his dream as he supposed that some one was stealing his papers away from him, I stopped and thought whether it would be right to wish that they might never wake up again. God pity and save the newboys of the city.

But there are other regiments, marching on; regiments of rag-pickers, regiments of match-sellers, regiments of juvenile thieves—great reserve corps of darkness and death. What will become of society if they are arrested and unsaved? But I said to the detectives: "Enough for one night of the misery of New York!" We had gone up and down stairways and into cellars and turned this way and that, until I knew not where we were, except that we were bounded on the north by want, on the south by suffering, on the east by anguish, and

ON THE WEST BY DESPAIR. Everything had opened before us, for the detectives pretended to be looking for a thief, and giving the impression that I was the man who had lost the property. It was not my own stratagem, but theirs. Then we turned homeward, and I thought that next Sabbath I would like to make the panorama pass before my congregation, stirring their pity, arousing their beneficence and making them the everlasting friends of Christian evangelization. May prosperity attend all foreign missions; but don't forget the heathenism on both sides of the East river, the heathenism around New York harbor and the Brooklyn Atlantic docks. Send missionaries by all means to Boriobio Gha, but send them also through Baxter street, Houston street, Navy street, Atlantic street, Fulton street. If you desire, by all means, send quilted coverlets to Central Africa to keep the natives warm in summer-time, and ice-cream freezers to Greenland, but let us do something for the relief of the cities where we live, cities that want more bread, more shoes, more hats, more coats, more Christ.

THERE IS NOTHING MORE ENTERTAINING and impressive than a skillful magic lantern when the room is darkened and the picture is thrown on the canvas. I close with two such exhibitions—the magic lantern of the police and of the home. First, having darkened all these emblazoned windows, I set up the magic lantern of the home, and throw on the wall the night scene of a Christian mother putting her little ones to bed. She is trying to hush the frisky and giggling group for their evening prayer. Their crooked tongue unable to make intelligible to any one else the petition, "I pray the Lord my soul to keep;" then laid in the snug nest, covered to the chin, with a warm good-night kiss they are left to the guardian spirits that all night long canopy with wings the trouble-bed.

Now I throw on the wall a picture from the police lantern. A boy-kennelled for the night under the stairway of a hall through which the wind sweeps, or on the cold ground of the cellar. He had no parentage, but was kicked into the world by some merciless *incognito*. No one puts him to bed—he has no bed. His cold fingers, thrust through his tumbled hair, his only pillow. He did not sup, he will not breakfast—an outcast, a waif, a ragamuffin. Poor boy, when he laid down to sleep he said no prayer, for he never knew the name of God and Christ except as something to swear by. The wings that hover over him are damp and bat-like—the wings of neglect and penury and want.

Again I throw the magic lantern of the home on the canvas and see that a Christian daughter has just died, carriages rolling up to the door in sympathy. FLOWERS IN CROCHES AND ANCHORS AND CROWNS

cover the casket, and the silver-plate says, "Aged 18;" funeral service intoned amid groups of the shawled and gold-braceleted, long procession to a beautiful family plot in unparalleled Greenwood, where a sculptor will set up a monument of burnished Aberdeen, with epitaph, "She is not dead but sleeping."

Look upon the canvas and see that a waif of the street has just expired. Did she have any doctor? No. Any one to close her eyes and fold her hands for the last slumber? No. Are there no decent garments in which to wrap her in the tomb? No. These wretched ones are not fit to put upon her feet for this last journey. Where are the good Christians? They are rock-encased in their home morning-gown, in tears over Bulwer Lytton's account of the Last Days of Pompeii, or they are kneeling on a soft rug in church praying for the forlorn Hottentots. But she must be buried. Call in the Coroner; call in Commissioner of Charities. The expensé entails his mourning tape and decides she needs a box five feet and two inches long. Two men will lift her in the box and drive the wagon to the potter's field. The excavation is not wide enough for the box, but the men are in a hurry, and one of them stands

on the lid and stamps it to its place in the ground. Stop! till some city missionary can come and read a chapter or say, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." "No," answer the men of the spade, "we have two more of the same sort to bury before noon." But how shall we get the grave filled up? Christ suggests a way. I think it had better be filled up with stones. Let all those who are without sin come and each cast a stone at her till the excavation is filled. Now throw the shovels in the wagons and be off. But after they are gone I see One stepping toward the pile of stones. He walks slowly as if his feet hurt, and coming to the place, He stands watching all that day and all that night. I find it is the Christ of Mary Magdalen. I think there must have been a dying prayer and repenting tears, and that around this place there may at last be some pomp of resurrection than when Queen Elizabeth gets up from the mausoleum in Westminster Abbey. But lest you weary, I shut the two lanterns.

Democratic State Convention. At a meeting of the Kentucky Democratic Central Committee and the State Executive Committee, held in the city of Louisville, November 8, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That a convention of the Democratic party of Kentucky is called to meet on Thursday, the first day of May, 1879, at 12 o'clock p. m., in the city of Louisville, for the purpose of nominating candidates for State officers to be voted for at the next August election, and performing such other duties as the interest of the Democratic people of their several counties to appoint delegates to said convention, and in order to insure a full attendance, they are requested to appoint one delegate for every one hundred votes, and one for every fraction over fifty votes cast for the Tilden and Hendricks Electors at the last Presidential election.

Resolved, That the Democratic papers in Kentucky be requested to publish the foregoing resolutions.

T. L. BUNKER, Chairman. T. L. JEFFERSON, Secretary.

Too Funny for Anything. Some time ago there was a dancing party given in a certain neighborhood in Texas, and most of the ladies present had little babies, whose noisy pervercity required too much attention to permit the mothers to enjoy the dance. A number of gallant young men volunteered to mind the young ones while the parents indulged in an old Virginia breakdown. No sooner had the women left the babies in charge of the mischievous devils than they stripped the babies, changed their clothes, giving the apparel of one to another. The dance being over it was time to go home, and the mothers hurriedly took each a baby in the dress of her own and started, some to their homes ten or fifteen miles off, and were far on their way before daylight. But the day following there was a tremendous row in the settlement. Mothers discovered that a single night had changed the sex of their babies, observation disclosed physical phenomena and then commenced the tallest female pedestrianship. Living miles apart, I required two or three days to unmix the babies and as many months to restore the mothers to their natural sweet dispositions. To this day it is unsafe for any of the baby mixers to venture into the neighborhood.